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TWIN PATRIOTS:

Washington & Lee

BY

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BACON'S REBELLION . ANDREW JACKSON
TWIN PATRIOTS: WASHINGTON & LEE
STRATFORD HALL . ARLINGTON
RAPHAEL SEMMES
MOSBY'S RANGERS . SIDNEY LANIER

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CONTENTS

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BACON'S REBELLION · 11

ANDREW JACKSON · 25

TWIN PATRIOTS:
WASHINGTON & LEE · 41

STRATFORD HALL · 51

ARLINGTON · 59

RAPHAEL SEMMES · 69

MOSBY'S RANGERS · 79

SIDNEY LANIER · 89

BACON'S REBELLION

BACON'S REBELLION

ONE hundred years before the Declaration of Independence was signed, there transpired an event in our early history which bears such striking resemblance to the Revolutionary War that students of history have come to regard it as the forerunner of that great epoch, or as the planting of the seed which came to full fruition in the Revolution and the Declaration of Independence.

This event took place in 1676, and is known as Bacon's Rebellion, because the leader and instigator was a young Virginian, named Nathaniel Bacon, a man of great personal magnetism and power. This was the most determined and long-lived struggle for popular rights in the history of Colonial America.

While Bacon's Rebellion has long been a subject of great interest to historians, it is only within very recent years that certain public records in England have been unearthed, which throw the flashlight of history more searchingly upon it. It

should never be forgotten that this uprising of the people, demanding their rights, came to a climax, and ended in a written pledge, which these Virginians signed, with sword in hand, pledging themselves, by sacred oath, to resist Governor Berkeley, and any troops sent from England to aid him. Note this, "any troops sent from England." That paper was the first declaration hinting resistance to Great Britain that was ever signed on the American continent.

In the year 1676 Virginia was a royal province, for Charles II was on the English throne, and royalty was again popular. There were forty thousand people in the province, as there had been a rush of Cavaliers to Virginia, who had not found it quite safe or comfortable in England after Charles I was beheaded.

Homes were mostly simple and crude, though here and there was even then to be found in this wilderness the home modeled after the small English manor house of the sixteenth century, often styled the E-shaped house. The interiors of these homes had paneled walls, and the exteriors were made distinctive by tall clustered, diamond-shaped chimneys. Hospitality abounded in the province, and the stranger was made welcome, whether this meant sleeping in a four poster, with lace valance, or lying wrapped in a deer's skin before the open fire.

The dress of both men and women was adorned with frills, gold lace, silver buttons, broadcloth, Indian silks, worsted prunella, and green and blue satin, while, as a recent style, women wore their curls uncovered. The ducking stool was still administering reproof to women who slandered their neighbors or talked scandal. Gambling was in high favor, and it was not unusual to find a hundred pounds bid on a

game of cards; while cock-fighting was patronized by the best element in the colony.

One of the first acts of Charles II's reign was to reappoint Sir William Berkeley as Royal Governor of Virginia. Sir William was not only an aristocrat, but an autocrat, who believed in the Divine Right of his King,—that Sir William who boldly thanked God there were neither free schools nor a printing press in the colonies. The voice of the people meant nothing to him, and the people were groaning under a grievous burden of unjust taxes, debauched civil service and the odious Navigation Laws.

The Navigation Laws compelled Virginia to trade only with England, in English ships manned by Englishmen. The whole commerce of Virginia was thus held in the grinding clutch of England. Tobacco, the great staple, must all go to the Mother Country, where it was bought for a mere song, and sold at enormous profit. As tobacco was the currency of the colony, no wonder that "hard times" pressed upon the people, and the Virginia planters were restless and dissatisfied. There was, also, a swarm of officials collecting taxes and duties, which they pocketed. This added fuel to the smouldering indignation of the colonies. Another source of discontent lay in the restriction of the ballot, still a live issue today, which loomed large in Virginia as early as 1676, when only freeholders or householders were allowed to vote.

Added to all of these came the Indian depredations. Savages were swooping down upon homes all along the borders, murdering the defenseless, and laying waste their homes. The people appealed to Governor Berkeley for protection, but he turned a deaf ear to their entreaties. It was known that the Royal Governor and some of the privileged grandees of

the inner circle were carrying on a profitable beaver trade with the Indians. Thus the people explained the Governor's reluctance to send any force against the savages.

The entire country was ready for revolt, and many counties sent a written list of grievances to the House of Burgesses, imploring some change for the better. All of Virginia now clamored to be led against the Indians, and in the Spring of 1676 five hundred men were ready to march, but Governor Berkeley disbanded them. Now here was a dramatic situation, a commingling of causes of popular indignation.

The times demanded first, a tongue to utter what all Virginia felt, when the brave and eloquent young Nathaniel Bacon seemed to open the way of salvation. History blazons the names of those American champions of Liberty whose burning eloquence kindled the flames of resistance to George III, but he who would know the whole truth must push his research back one hundred years and study the brilliant young tribune who sprang forward at this critical moment—a patriot who deserves to hold as high a place in American annals as Wallace in Scotland, or Hampden in England. For Nathaniel Bacon was the first great hero-martyr in the long struggle of the colonists to establish their rights as free-born Englishmen.

Bacon was an aristocrat by birth—a cousin of Lord Culpepper. He came from England, bringing his patrician young wife to Virginia, and settled at Curle's Neck, on the James, about twenty miles below the city of Richmond. His larger plantation was further up the James, and covered what is now the busy center and heart of Richmond. In the year 1676 this young man was only twenty-eight years of age, but already a member of the King's Council. Old chronicles

tell us that he was tall and dark, of a nervous temperament, and a most imperious disposition; but an eloquent and impassioned orator, born to sway the hearts of men, who seemed unable to resist his magnetic and compelling power.

We know that there has never yet been any great popular movement uninfluenced by oratory. In every revolt against tyranny, or upward struggle of humanity, the orator has first spoken the inspirational word, before the warrior sprang forward to fight. Thus it was in 1676. Wherever Bacon's burning words were uttered, soldiers crowded around him, and without more ado, he became "General Bacon, by consent of the people." In April of that year, at the head of three hundred men, he started upon the Indian warpath, although Governor Berkeley refused to countenance such proceedings. As a matter of fact, his Excellency was in a royal rage, at the mere thought of these men having taken matters into their own hands. He proclaimed them all "rebels and traitors," and set out with his soldiers in hot pursuit. Unable to follow Bacon's men through the rough country, the soldiers had to wait for his return. In the meantime "General" Bacon and his followers had routed the Indians, and driven them back to the mountains. Leaving the frontier safe for a time, he returned, with a procession of Indian captives.

Such was the first act in this drama. Governor Berkeley realized that enemies were all around him, for the whole lower country had risen in revolt. To add to his confusion, Nathaniel Bacon now offered himself as a candidate for the House of Burgesses, and was overwhelmingly elected. As the Burgesses were to meet in June, Bacon drifted down the James in his sloop, but on arriving at Jamestown he was

arrested by order of the Governor, brought before him, questioned and paroled.

Bacon was prevailed upon by his kinsman, the elder Nathaniel Bacon, to acknowledge his offense, in order that he might be restored to his seat in Council, and receive a commission from the Governor, authorizing him to fight the Indians. He was duly restored to his seat in Council, but the promised commission was put off from day to day. The meeting of this Assembly has always been known as "Bacon's Assembly," so powerful was his influence, for he set about revising the law. Universal suffrage was restored, and the Indian troubles duly considered. The Queen of the Pamunkeys, a neighboring tribe, at peace with the white men, was brought into the Assembly to be questioned as to how many braves she would promise to furnish as guides for Bacon's men. This Indian Queen is a picturesque figure. She had received as a gift from Charles II a silver frontlet with the Royal Coat of Arms upon it. This trophy is still preserved by the Association for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities. The Queen wore a mantle of deer skin, the edges cut like fringe, and around her head was a circlet of black and white wampum. She entered the council chamber with the utmost grace and dignity, accompanied by an English interpreter and her son, a stripling of twenty, said to have been the son of an English colonel. After much questioning, she promised twelve guides, then rose and departed, as though she was not pleased with her treatment.

While Bacon waited in Jamestown for his delayed commission from Governor Berkeley, he lodged in the home of his friend, a certain thoughtful Richard Lawrence, a scholar and gentleman, who had no love for the Governor. In this

home Bacon was often joined by another loyal friend and follower, Mr. William Drummond, a Scotch gentleman, who had been Governor of North Carolina. These three men furnished the brains of the Rebellion. Bacon's friends warned him that the Governor was scheming to have him imprisoned, so he fled from Jamestown. Men flocked to his standard, indignant that Governor Berkeley refused to commission one who was ready and willing to protect them from the Indians. He was soon marching into Jamestown, with four hundred men, who demanded his commission. As his men set up the shout around the State House "We will have it," "We will have it," the Governor finally drew up the commission. Before the ink was dry a courier brought news of another murderous attack by Indians upon homes along the York River. The army set forth immediately, gathering numbers as it moved, while at its head marched the dauntless young Cavalier, bearing a Royal Commission, which named him "General of all the forces in Virginia against the Indians."

When Governor Berkeley heard that Bacon had again routed the Indians and was on his way to Gloucester County, the sorely pressed Governor fled to "Ye Kingdom of Accomac," as the peninsula between Chesapeake Bay and the Atlantic Ocean was often called.

The Gloucester men all joined Bacon, on his arrival there, about the last of July. He marched his men to Middle Plantation, which is the site afterward chosen for Williamsburg. Here he held a consultation. His Scotch friend did not believe in halfway measures, and his wife seems to have been equally fearless, for when some one suggested that King Charles might have something to say about these proceedings, Sarah Drummond picked up a slight stick and snapping it in

two she said, "I care no more for the power of England than for this broken straw."

A great company of people gathered about Bacon and his army, and from this meeting the real rebellion dates. Here was drawn up that famous paper, by signing which the people pledged themselves to "resist Governor Berkeley and any troops sent from England to aid him." Amid a stormy debate, lasting from midday to midnight, stood this young Cromwell of twenty-eight, with all the power of his eloquence, pleading, arguing, storming, beating down every objection, until by flaming torches the compact was signed. Surely no American leader ever won a more signal triumph. The papers signed, torches were flung to the ground, the Cavaliers sprang to saddle, and dashed away to meet and scatter the Indians. Before Bacon's departure, however, he dispatched a ship, under Captain Carver, to arrest Governor Berkeley and send him to England to be tried "For demerits towards his Majesty's subjects in Virginia, and the likely loss of that country for lack of defense against the Native Savages." He also issued a summons for the meeting of the Assembly in September. Leaving Jamestown under command of Colonel Hansford, Bacon marched away for the third time after the now frightened Indians.

When the ship which he had sent arrived off the coast of the Peninsula, Governor Berkeley, by means of a trick, had it taken, and Captain Carver was hanged upon the shores of Old Plantation Creek, and is here recorded as one of the first martyrs to American Liberty. Thus encouraged, the Governor set sail for Jamestown with sixteen sloops and six hundred men of Accomac. On his arrival at Jamestown, Colonel Hansford and his men left in the night, and the old

Governor entered the capitol and once more proclaimed Bacon and his followers rebels and traitors. This news met General Bacon on his return after having defeated the Pamunkeys. His little army was footsore and weary, but they shouted their determination to stand by their General to the end. We are told that all along the march to Jamestown people came out, praying aloud for the blessing of God upon this champion of the people, and railing against the Governor; they brought fruits and other refreshment for the troops.

Bacon's men threw up fortifications on the narrow neck of land which connected Jamestown with the mainland, thus cutting off all communication. They captured two fine pieces of artillery, and as Bacon wanted to mount these on the breastworks, he resorted to a most original device. He sent to the nearby plantations and captured some of the matrons, wives of the men holding Jamestown against him, and placing these ladies in front of his fortifications, he proceeded to mount his cannon. The Governor's troops dared not fire a shot. As numbers of Governor Berkeley's men deserted him, he had to flee a second time to "Ye Kingdom of Accomac." Bacon then burned Jamestown, and in this work Mr. Lawrence and Mr. Drummond led the way by firing their own homes first. It was from the burning State House that Mr. Drummond rescued the official records of the colony. The brick foundations of the old State House have only within recent years been discovered, after lying buried for more than two centuries.

We must not lose sight of the fact that the weeks which Bacon spent in the trenches at Jamestown were the early

weeks of September, all the worse for malaria and mosquitoes. He was never well after this.

Having burned Jamestown, Bacon fell back to "Green Spring," the country home of Governor Berkeley, and here in the Governor's own house, Bacon made himself at home. He was now absolute monarch in Virginia. Yet his hour of triumph was marked by dignity and moderation—quite the opposite of Governor Berkeley; for when his hour of triumph came, he spent his time hanging men who had taken part in this uprising.

Bacon caused the oath of allegiance to be taken in every quarter, and was making plans to rout the Governor from his hiding place. But alas! the "Prosperous Rebel," as he is called in old manuscripts, was never to see this hope fulfilled. The exposure in the Jamestown trenches and elsewhere, added to the strain under which he had lived for twenty months, had done its deadly work. The young General for the first time in his career was unprepared to meet the new enemy, which came in the form of a deadly fever, and we are told that on the first day of October he who had seemed invincible "surrendered up his last fort." He was most unhappy in the thought of leaving his work unfinished.

Those who had loved him in life were faithful to him in death, and closely guarded the secret of his burial place. Nor is it known to this day. Tradition has it that stones were placed in the coffin, and that he sleeps beneath the waters of the York River.

There can be no greater proof of Bacon's personal power than the fact that with his death the Rebellion collapsed. Governor Berkeley soon returned to power, and held a carnival of blood. The thoughtful Mr. Lawrence escaped, and

it is believed that he perished from cold and hunger in the forest. On a bitter day in January Mr. Drummond was found in White Oak Swamp, and when taken before the Governor, was welcomed in these words: "Mr. Drummond, I would rather see you than any man in Virginia; you shall be hanged in half an hour." "What your honor pleases," was the very Scotch reply of this brave and honorable gentleman. He was hanged that afternoon, yet we find that later on the resentment of his widow, Sarah Drummond, found its way to the throne of England, and a royal order came across the seas for the relief of Sarah Drummond, declaring that her husband "had been sentenced and put to death contrary to the laws of the Kingdom." The new Assembly had to put a stop to Governor Berkeley's vengeance. One venerable member said: "If we had let the Governor alone, he would have hanged half the country." His conduct drew from Charles II the famous remark that, "As I live, the old fool has put to death more people in that naked country than I did in England for the murder of my father." The end of it was that the Governor was soon ordered home.

Thus ended the first serious resistance against corruption and misgovernment in the history of our Republic. Nathaniel Bacon, with his quick incisiveness, his cool head, his determined courage and his unselfish consecration to a cause fraught with every danger to himself, must ever remain a shining figure. This young patriot, taking the lead, like Tiberius Gracchus, in a movement for justice and liberty, is indeed an heroic figure against the sombre background of those early days.

ANDREW JACKSON

ANDREW JACKSON

SCIENTISTS tell us that seventy-five per cent of the members of the human race belong to the class known as passives, while twenty per cent are receptives, and only five per cent are affirmatives—affirmatives being, of course, those strong personalities who do things with energy and initiative. To this class belong such men as Napoleon, Julius Caesar, Bismarck, Wellington, Mussolini and other notable leaders.

Certainly, to this class must be assigned Andrew Jackson, one of the most picturesque figures in American history—a peculiar and original man in the great attribute of conceiving and executing purposes. Built of Cromwell stuff, without Cromwell's religious fanaticism, the spirit of the conqueror was his, and if we measure power by success, the palm must be awarded to Jackson. From Jefferson to Lincoln, he was the most distinct and aggressive character in our national life. He taught the masses their power more effectively than Jefferson, and, finding a confederacy of States, he left an empire. Though reared amid hardships on the frontier, and

almost without education, yet when talent, genius, learning, eloquence and statesmanship cordoned themselves around him, he came out victorious and unhurt.

In methods of warfare Jackson resembled the Assyrian, who "came down like a wolf on the fold"; as witness, his prompt subjugation of the powerful Creek Indians, under Tecumseh. To start on this campaign he had risen from a sick bed, with his arm in a sling. When mutiny broke out among his raw troops he placed himself in front of them, and with his pistol in the bridle-hand threatened to shoot the first who dared leave. The man who could do this had nothing of human audacity to learn.

Witness again his brilliant repulse of British veterans at New Orleans, where in twenty-five minutes there perished 2600 British soldiers, mingling their blood with sugar and molasses, which ran freely from barrels used to shelter them from the unerring marksmanship of Tennessee backwoodsmen, frontier hunters, gorgeous Creole officers and lawless pirates, as well as free negroes and pardoned criminals. Such was the conglomerate force which Jackson had welded into an army in a few days' time.

When we consider that this was the most formidable expedition ever directed against America, and at a time when the United States had ranged itself with the defeated, and not the successful party in Europe; that the power of Great Britain was at its best, and ours but poor and scanty; that it threatened the Father of Waters, the spinal column of our nation; that the attack was directed against New Orleans, which possessed neither forts nor entrenchments, arms nor supplies, until energy arrived, in the person of Andrew Jackson; that it was composed of British veterans, who had beaten

Napoleon's marshals, and were so cocksure of victory over a simple people, that they brought with them a full set of civilian officials for the government of New Orleans after its capture; when we consider these things, and the meager resources at Jackson's command, we begin to realize the man's innate gift for organizing and commanding, his bold initiative, and his absorbing determination to crush anything hostile. Nor should we forget that he was supported largely by the type of man whom we picture as always winning the battle—the long, lank woodsman, brown as leather, hard as nails, inseparable from his rifle; in his head the eyes of a hawk.

To say that these activities had been conducted by a man enfeebled by suffering seems incredible, but it is nevertheless true. For General Jackson was an ill man most of the time. Yet he went without sleep for five days and four nights, living, in the meantime, upon a little rice, taken at intervals.

Jackson had not lost a dozen men. This was a defeat worse than Bannockburn, and not only settled forever British interference in our affairs, but at the same time killed New England Federalism. His next move was to crush the Seminoles, in Florida. The raw, undisciplined troops with whom he won these victories affectionately gave the name of "Old Hickory" to their leader, whom they feared even more than they did the enemy.

Jackson was now not only the most-talked-of man in America, but Napoleon, on his way to St. Helena, studied his tactics, and the Duke of Wellington found time to discuss what he termed "the abortive attempt on New Orleans."

In recognition of his services, Jackson was appointed Major General in the regular army, and given command of the Department of the South. No other man in this country's service, since the Revolution, had risen to the top quite so quickly. From 1813 to 1815 he passed from the obscure Tennessee planter to the most distinguished and popular man in the United States.

In the campaign of 1824 he very nearly defeated John Quincy Adams for the Presidency. As a matter of fact, Jackson's popular vote was very large, his electoral vote was the larger of the two candidates; but the election in the House was swung at the last moment to Adams, by unexpected and accidental developments—such as the final vote of Stephen Van Rensselaer, wealthy and pious representative from New York, a State evenly divided between Adams and Jackson. As Van Rensselaer took his seat in the House, practically resolved to vote against Adams whom he disliked, he bowed his head in prayer for guidance. On opening his eyes he beheld a ticket for Adams on the floor near his desk; this he accepted as an answer to his petition, and obediently voted for Adams—thus giving him New York, which tipped the scales.

It was said that Clay's powerful influence had been bought over by the promise that he would be made Secretary of State in the Adams cabinet—a bargain which John Randolph characterized as a "combination unheard of till then, of the Puritan and the Blackleg," and reviling Clay's parents for having brought such a creature into the world, "so brilliant, yet so corrupt, that like a rotten mackerel on the beach in the moonlight, it shines and stinks." One of the most graphic campaign papers ever published in this country was

written during this presidential canvass. It was called "The Political War Horse." Each courser was minutely described. The knowing jockey was all in favor of "Old Hickory," the most aged steed, who had seen most hard service; of long body, firm and steady step; rather lank in look, but fire in his eye; round in the rib barrel; deep in the chest, and nostrils like trumpet-nozzles; caprioling not at all, but erect and alive the moment mounted; the daybreak and all the signs were for him. One who saw General Jackson on his way to Washington in 1824 says he was about six feet, slender, but commanding in appearance. His gray hair stood erect on his head, each particular hair standing forth for itself, from a head of massive strength. He had small blue eyes, which scintillated a light of quick perception like lightning. He was a model of grace in the saddle. He had the dignity that goes with entire simplicity of nature, and the ease that comes from unconsciousness of self. In New Orleans, at Mrs. Livingston's dinner-table, where he met the most refined and fastidious women of that city, the consensus of opinion was, "Is this your backwoodsman? Why, Madam, he is a Prince."

Jackson's marriage, in 1791, to Mrs. Rachel Robards, of Tennessee, caused severe comment, because she was divorced under peculiar circumstances. She was a plain, good woman, full of good deeds, and Jackson's chivalric devotion to her runs, like a thread of gold, through the strong and relentless fabric of his life. It is said that he kept his pistols in readiness for thirty-seven years for anyone who assailed her good name. When Judge Sevier, of Tennessee, accused him of having run off to Natchez with another man's wife, Jackson exclaimed, "By God, you mention her sacred name," and drawing the famous pistols, would certainly have killed him

but for the intervention of friends. As a young lawyer, in North Carolina, Jackson carried a copy of "Bacon's Abridgment" in his saddlebags, and made frequent appeals to this book before the court. One day, Waitstill Avery, in a spirit of fun, substituted for the book a piece of meat. Jackson, in warm argument, reached for "Bacon's Abridgment," and out came the piece of real bacon. This brought on a duel. He figured in another duel, in which he killed Charles Dickenson, and himself received a wound which weakened him for life. After publicly caning one Thomas Swann, Jackson had an encounter with the Benton brothers, in which one of them was stabbed, and he was shot in the shoulder.

During his term as Judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee, the sheriff complained to him that it was impossible to arrest a certain criminal, a powerful blacksmith then at large, who not only refused to surrender, but was held in such terror, men declined to serve as a posse for his arrest. Jackson said, "Summon me," which was done. He found the man, who, on seeing that he was covered by Judge Jackson's pistol, surrendered at once. When asked to explain this, the criminal said, "Because I saw 'shoot' in his eye."

Jackson was not a man of theories, but of action, exemplifying the fact that a born leader has the quality of a natural force. He was the ripened product of the generation which had grown up since the Revolutionary War, in which, serving as a youth of fourteen, he had been taken prisoner. He bore to his grave the mark of a sabre cut from a British officer, whose boots he refused to polish. In this war he lost both of his brothers, and his mother died from fever, contracted while nursing American soldiers in Charleston. He witnessed, with rage, the brutal treatment of his old friends—

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men, women and children—by Tarleton and his troopers. These experiences all left him a bitter and lifelong enemy of the British. So well was this fact known that one of his early neighbors, in the Waxhaw settlement in North Carolina, said, "I'll bet Andy remembered it at the battle of New Orleans." To the deep impressions then made upon his strong nature, as he witnessed the struggle of our nation to assert her independence, is partly due, no doubt, that fixed and almost ferocious devotion to his country, which became the inspiration of his life, a determination to stand by her against any power on earth, and against all odds. No name thus identified can perish from history. It insures him a permanent place among those patriots whom mankind never ceases to respect. Though his enemies have not failed to point out his mistakes, which were many, and his limitations, which would have doomed to mediocrity any man less highly endowed by nature; though he was prejudiced and stubborn, and when aroused had the temper of a fury, yet after nearly a hundred years, men gratefully recall only his powerful and passionate purpose to preserve the Federal Union.

While the House was deciding in 1824 who should be President, Jackson and his wife were in Washington, at the same hotel with Lafayette, then on his famous visit to America. These two great Democrats found much to admire in each other. Jackson's strength of character, and his "instinct for integrity" made a strong impression upon the Frenchman, who afterwards visited at his home, The Hermitage, near Nashville, Tennessee.

During this trying time Jackson had borne himself well, avoiding complicity in the intrigues of the day, and

asserting, with an earnestness which carried conviction, the most lofty principles of government. At the same time he practiced, with all sincerity, the simpler duties of domestic life.

He always believed that he was defeated by "bargain and corruption," and his wrath was tremendous, but his faith in the people unwavering. The next election proved this faith to be well founded, for the people had grown weary of having Virginia planters and Northern pedants in the White House. The year 1828, more than any year in our history, marks the transition from one era to another. The new West, pressing forward for recognition, brought a new element into our national life, and found its rightful leader in Andrew Jackson, the very incarnation of its tone and temper. Jackson voiced the best thought of the frontier, and through him the true nature of American democracy was to be made clear. His western ideals gave him his battle cry, and because they were the ideals of the average American, he had the confidence of the people. This confidence he never betrayed, and this is the secret of the Jacksonian movement. The greatest of all of his contributions to American politics is that he gave the people an opportunity. We did not, in fact, become a democracy until the Jacksonian epoch, which opened new vistas in American history. It was the first recognition of the vital power of the frontier, a power which has steadily grown until it has come to be recognized in our civilization, literature and politics, as "the most American thing in America." Without a clear perception of this fact, indeed, there can be no true definition of Americanism.

A man of iron will and powerful personality had arrived who did not owe his popularity to military greatness, but to

his character. With bold initiative he took the game into his own hands, and kept it there, as President of the United States, for eight years, raising up another, if not two more Presidents to rule after him. He had the ear and the faith of the people. No man could better address their passions or apply the arguments to which they would respond. The artful dodge and slippery equivocations of a tricky politician would find but a sorry audience before the stern countenance and penetrating eyes of hunters, in coonskin caps and linsey-woolsey garments, assembled around a rude rostrum. The very expression on their faces, as they listened, leaning on their rifles, was one not to be trifled with.

Jackson gathered about him as tense a group of political agents as we have had, and became the great party builder. In spite of Clay's thunderings and Calhoun's intellect, the people backed Old Hickory in every issue, and he hammered out a series of political principles which became the foundation of the Democratic party. Upon these principles he based his campaign in 1827-28, but it soon became a personal contest between the soldier hero and the two statesmen whom he accused of bargain and corruption.

Readers of old newspapers of the Adamsite persuasion, in the absence of any other knowledge of Jackson, would gather that he was a usurper, an adulterer, a gambler, a cock-fighter, a brawler, a drunkard, and withal a murderer of most blood-thirsty description. Even handbills were distributed, decorated with coffins bearing the names of his victims. But the people smiled at these things. They remembered that Jackson had delivered them from two relentless foes, the Indians and the British. They dwelt upon his daring, his volcanic temper, his honesty, his disregard of conventionality

and red tape, his loyalty to his men, his willingness to assume responsibility, and they approved of it all by rolling up for him such a vote as had never before been known. Adams did not receive one vote south of the Potomac or west of the Alleghanies. The assertive Jacksonian period had begun. It may truthfully be called the declaration of independence for the separate person, or recognition of the individual.

His election was a triumph over the old order, and he came into the White House upon a wave of public enthusiasm never equaled since Washington's first inaugural.

Webster said Jackson would bring a breeze with him. He did this—and more. He brought in his train the first shirt-sleeve politicians in our national life, and a democracy such as American had never seen.

The new President ran true to form. He represented a self-confident section, believing in its rights to share in the government and troubled by no doubts of its capacity to rule. He took his duties seriously, and when we consider the far-reaching questions he was destined to handle—the national bank problem, nullification, internal improvements, our foreign policy, the removal of the Indians, annexation of Texas, the French episode, the national debt, distribution of the proceeds of public lands, and always the tariff—it was well for him and for the nation that he was a man of unflinching courage, unquestioned honesty, dominant, aggressive and determined.

The civil service was revolutionized by sweeping changes. He removed five hundred government officials in a short while, and from this hour dates the theory "To the victor belong the spoils," which every President of the United States for the next fifty years followed. Jackson was the first

President to appreciate—and use—the power of the press. His press, together with his so-called "kitchen cabinet," made up of personal friends and supporters, Amos Kendall, Van Buren, Blair, Hill and others, cooperated to put before the people the President's ideas and plans. Thus he operated directly upon the minds of the people and not through politicians. His great bulwark of strength lay in the people, and he never forgot that he was their standard bearer. His one test of any measure was whether it would help the country.

Men were his books; he understood to what use a man could be put, and, therefore, he had able ministers. He consolidated and strengthened the energies of the government, and made it feared and respected abroad. As men of nerve had quailed before him, he made the leading nations of the world sit up and take notice. He addressed Louis Philippe, then head of the second power in Europe, with the imperious tone of a rich creditor, pursuing a bankrupt, and forcing a settlement, upon an open threat of chastisement, which resulted in the immediate payment of 5,000,000 francs for injuries to American commerce in the wars of Napoleon. Portugal was made to pay a similar indemnity. Treaties were concluded with Russia and Belgium, and the United States rose steadily in the estimation of European powers.

Jackson broke new ground in establishing the independence of the Executive. Men's minds were reshaped on this subject and have ever since held a different conception of the Presidency. No President ever kept closer watch upon Congress. Political fortunes were made and unmade by a mere wave of his hand. His star shed disastrous twilight upon Henry Clay and his future. With a stamp of his foot, Calhoun's platform fell into ruin. When the Nullification trouble

arose, though the Force bill and his proclamation against South Carolina provided the acid test of his popularity, he did not hesitate. He struck down the doctrine of states' rights and established nationalistic doctrines and ideas, which laid the foundation of a later structure involving the same basic questions. He destroyed the Bank of the United States, sustained the State Banks, and finally blew them up—and nearly abolished our credit system. He curbed Federal expenditure upon internal improvements, and by the end of his second term the national debt was discharged and revenue was superabundant. He subdued the Senate by passage of the Expunging resolution. His keen eye early perceived the strategic importance of Alaska, and favored the acquisition of this territory by the United States. He favored the annexation of Texas, and extended the area of our institutions to the Rio Grande.

But he met his Waterloo in the Peggy Eaton affair. Even Jackson's iron will had to bend when the ladies of his official family refused to obey his command to receive or countenance the fascinating but imprudent wife of his cabinet minister.

A British subject, who visited Washington and met the President, said, "Your republican President is the royal model of a gentleman." The actress, Fanny Kemble, who was presented to Jackson in 1832, wrote in her diary, "He is a good specimen of a fine, old, well-battered soldier, his manners perfectly simple and quiet and therefore very good."

One grace he lacked—the grace of magnanimity; he could never forget an injury, or show quarter to a political enemy, but was "ever a fighter." Nor was any quarter shown him by his opponents. Even at his death a prominent Whig

enemy said of him: "What a career has been that of Andrew Jackson. No impediment stood in his way. If he entered a horse at a race, he frightened or jockeyed his competitor. If opposed by an independent man, he crushed him. He saw the country prosperous under the Bank of the United States, and shattered it. His rule has been ruin to this people, his counsel full of calamity, and now, when approaching his last hour, when good men are praying that he may be punished for his many misdeeds, he turns Presbyterian, and cheats the devil himself." Thus he drew or repelled, according as he conciliated or opposed, but this is the law of a soul highly charged with the electricity of passion.

Jackson was never a rich man, and his personal tastes were simple. He was often found smoking a corncob pipe. He met all visitors with natural courtesy, but the dignity and grace with which he presided on formal occasions was a surprise to even his admirers, and drew favorable comment from his enemies. No man was more tender with little children or those who were weak. The sudden death of his wife, just before his first inaugural, was a true and deep sorrow, from which he never recovered; for his was not a light nature, and the devotion of such a man was neither lightly placed nor subject to change.

He entertained with lavish hospitality, but drew a strict line between personal and public expenditures. He met, out of his own pocket, outlays which, in other administrations, before and since, were charged to the public account. He loaned hundreds of dollars, in small amounts, to needy friends, old comrades, widows and orphans of his old soldiers. In 1837, when he retired from public life, he had to borrow six thousand dollars to settle his bills. When he left Wash-

ington he had but ninety dollars in his pocket, and returned to the Hermitage at seventy years of age to put his affairs in order. His energy and ability, now directed to private matters, brought success and enabled him to pay off all indebtedness before his death, seven years later. To the last he continued to be the ruling spirit of his party.

Andrew Jackson was not a statesman, yet some of the greatest qualities of statesmanship were his. In the main, he had the knack of seizing every public question by the right end. Some of his strokes of policy, as his letter to Monroe against proscription, were not unworthy of Talleyrand.

To the disgust of John Quincy Adams, Harvard conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws upon President Jackson. At the close of the exercises the students, as they filed past the President, were introduced, each greeting him, to the infinite edification and amusement of the grizzly old warrior, by his new title, "Doctor Jackson." Wits of the opposition poked fun at the President's accession to the brotherhood of scholars. A few days later, as Jackson was closing a speech, some wag called out, "You must give us a little Latin, Doctor." Jackson advanced to the front of the platform and said, with enthusiasm, "E pluribus unum, my friends, sine qua non!"

It is fitting that we leave him with these words upon his lips, for they express the inspiration of his life.

TWIN PATRIOTS: WASHINGTON AND LEE

Note: Awarded a prize of $10.00 in gold, offered by the Virginia Division, United Daughters of the Confederacy, in 1922.

TWIN PATRIOTS—WASHINGTON AND LEE

"Both patriots, both Virginians true;
Both 'rebels,' both sublime!"

SELDOM has it been given to a State to give birth to two sons with such claims to immortality as Washington and Lee; and their resemblance in graces of character and gifts of genius is a shining illustration of the fact that "true greatness has but one sure foundation, and bears but one core in every age."

Men seem to have agreed that in these two leaders was greatness which no one could question, and character which no one could fail to respect. Even Englishmen, who are the most unsparing censors of everything American, have paid homage to both.

When, years after death, the world thus agrees to call men great, the verdict must be accepted, and it is interesting to trace the points of resemblance between Virginia's two noble sons.

Common to both was the influence of distinguished ancestry, both of Norman stock, knights and gentlemen, in

the full sense of the word. The Washingtons of Virginia are descended from the owners of the Manor of Sulgrave, in Northamptonshire, whose origin was traced back to the Norman knight, Sir William de Hertburn, of the little village of Washington, which lies in the north of England, in the region conquered first by Saxons and then by Danes. They were a strong race of prudent, bold men, always important in their several stations, ready to fight and ready to work, and, as a rule, successful in that which they set themselves to do; coming in time to Westmoreland County, Virginia, where their most illustrious descendant was born.

To the same county cames the Lees, from one of the oldest families in England, its members, from an early date, being distinguished for eminent services to sovereign and country. We have now only glimpses of these through the mists of time—as Lancelot Lee, fighting by the side of William the Conqueror at the battle of Hastings, and Lionel Lee, following Richard Cœur de Lion in the third crusade to Palestine, "displaying great bravery at the siege of Acre." It has been clearly established that the earliest representatives in America claimed descent from the noble family of Morton Regis in Shropshire. Though many have shed lustre upon their name, the greatest of these is he who was born at "Stratford" in the county of Westmoreland, Virginia.

Seventy-five years intervened between the birth of these two men, and it is worthy of note that each was left, early in life, to his mother's influence and care. If they were early trained in the way they should go, their mothers trained them. If their principles were sound and their lives a success, to their mothers, more than to any other, should the praise be given. They were taught the great lesson of self-control

in those early years, and few have had greater need for self-control in after life than they.

Young George Washington was learning this lesson when he renounced his ambition to go to sea, and listened to the calmer reasoning and counsel of his mother, whose discipline was acknowledged by her son to have been the foundation of his fortune and his fame. There is indication of thoughtfulness not usual in a boy of fifteen, who wrote in his notebook, "Labor to keep alive in your breast that little spark of celestial fire called conscience." Nor is it a matter of wonder that a mother who had so trained her son should retain to the last a profound hold upon his reverential devotion.

Young Robert E. Lee learned lessons of self-control, which formed the solid foundation of his character, in those early years when his invalid mother was left to his special care, and the conscientious discharge of this responsibility gave him the constant companionship of a strong and beautiful character, which was reflected in his own life, and enabled him, when misfortunes gathered thick and fast around him, to drink strength from the cup of calamity itself. It was amid these scenes of ruin that he wrote to his daughter, who had been visiting at Stratford, "How my heart goes back to those early days!"

Thus were these young Virginians marked in boyhood by traits which produce nobility of character in manhood, and they were found strong and effective beyond the measure of ordinary men when the hour of peril came.

Each was the product of the civilization in which he was reared—a civilization prolific of statesmen and soldiers, of whom these two were the highest exponents. In referring to the social life of Virginia, as it then existed, Henry Cabot

Lodge said: "We must go back to Athens to find another instance of a society so small in numbers and yet capable of such an outburst of ability and force"; while Charles Francis Adams expressed doubt as to whether patriotism and devotion to state ever anywhere attained a higher development than in the community which dwelt in the region watered by the Potomac and the James. Such influences were powerful in guiding these men when the crisis came.

As Washington looked to the figures of the past for inspiration, his young kinsman, Robert E. Lee, had ever before him the simple dignity and majesty of Washington himself, for in both of his ancestral homes the boy found an atmosphere permeated with the memory of the preserver of his country.

The very mould in which nature cast them marked these men for greatness. Their poise, dignity and reserve seemed inborn, and a modesty that has ever been the mark of true greatness. There was something in both which seemed to hold men at a distance. Gamaliel Bradford says, "Lee had one intimate friend—God." The veil of Washington's silence is seldom lifted; in many volumes of letters and messages he is profoundly silent as to himself.

Their graceful bearing was notable. Viscounte de Noailles, in commenting upon the grace with which Washington wore a sword, said it was because "The man was made for the sword, and not the sword for the man," while one who knew Lee intimately testifies that he never saw him take an ungraceful attitude.

They had many traits in common. Their firm grasp of detail in everything undertaken, great or small; their keen sense of appropriateness, which stood them in good stead in

grave as well as trivial matters and which led them to be always well dressed; their love of good horses, and the peculiar grace and endurance which marked them in the saddle. To the very last Washington mounted a horse with ease, and during the five years General Lee spent at Lexington his one diversion was to take long rides on Traveler.

Their attitude toward slavery was the same. Washington left directions in his will that his slaves should be set free on the death of his wife; and it is well known that Lee had freed his before the sixties; all the slaves belonging to his wife's estate were liberated at a certain time designated in Mr. Custis' will.

It is not surprising that such men bore off prizes in matrimony, and by their happy choice widened and strengthened social connections already powerful, acquired fortunes and won life companions worthy to walk beside them in the fierce white light which was destined to beat upon their paths.

The Seven Years' War, preceding the Revolution, and the Mexican War proved to be training schools of great soldiers, and from these trials Washington and Lee came forth tested and prepared for sterner tasks yet to come. When Braddock's men were falling around him, and confusion reigned, our young Major of Virginia militia came to the rescue and asserted, in that crisis, the place that belonged to him and which he afterwards filled so well. Even the sagacious Indian chief who saw Washington on that fatal field said, "The Great Spirit protected him that he might become the chief of nations."

In the campaign from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico Captain Lee discharged every duty assigned him with a fidelity and distinction which were the earnest of larger

fame, and we are not surprised at the prescience of his commander-in-chief, who at that time declared that "Lee was the greatest living soldier in America." The story is told that during one of the intervals in this campaign, at a brilliant assembly of the officers, some one proposed the health of the young engineer, to whose unerring eye much of the success was due. Then for the first time Lee's absence was observed and an officer dispatched for him. He was found in a remote apartment deeply absorbed in drawing a map. "Make some one else do this drudgery," said the officer, to whom Lee replied, "No, I am but doing my duty." Thus the banquet proceeded without him.

When the struggle for independence came, every eye turned to Washington as the commander of our forces, and the clever pen of Mrs. John Adams has left a description of him on his first appearance at Cambridge. "Dignity, ease and complacency, the gentleman and the soldier look agreeably blended in him. Modesty marks every line of his face." We can but think, as we read these lines, how aptly they describe his noble kinsman, who eighty years later rode at the head of the Army of Northern Virginia. Through what pain and renunciation Lee had passed to this command is an oft-told story, for while Washington was of the essence of Virginia, Lee was of the very quintessence of Virginia. In his case the roots and fibers struck down and spread wide in the soil, making him of it a part. Love for his native State flowed through his veins and had been handed on to him from his gallant father, Light Horse Harry, who exclaimed, in debate with Mr. Madison, "Virginia is my country; her will I obey, however lamentable the fate to which it may subject me." In this decision Lee is but following Washing-

ton's example, for he who had served the king under Braddock did not hesitate, when the great principles of Anglo-Saxon liberty were assailed, to take his stand against the king.

Both were given command of untrained men, but order came out of chaos, and invincible armies grew under their guidance and the steady pressure of unbending wills. With these armies they waged humane and civilized warfare, and though each was a very thunderbolt in war, and self-contained in victory, the supreme test came to Lee in defeat, which brought out in him such lofty nobility as is seldom seen in actual life. Their dedication to impersonal ends and their chivalry render these two Christian soldiers worthy to sit beside Sir Percival at the round table of King Arthur.

Washington was wholly free from the vulgar ambition of the usurper. To have refused supreme rule and then to have effected in the spirit and under the forms of free government all—and more—that the most brilliant of military chiefs could have achieved by absolute power is a glory which belongs to Washington alone.

To have declined the most exalted honors and emoluments from foreign countries, and at home, that he might share the fate of his stricken people, and to build up by precept and a great example the shattered community of which he was the most observed representative, is a glory which belongs to Lee alone.

Blessed among nations is that state to which not once, but twice, such models have been given.

STRATFORD HALL

STRATFORD HALL

The Birthplace of General Robert E. Lee

BISHOP MEADE, in his "Old Churches and Families of Virginia," refers to Westmoreland County as the Athens of Virginia, and laments the loss of so many of the famous homes of that famous region. He says, "Chantilly, Mount Pleasant, Wakefield, are no more. Stratford alone remains." Stratford, the ancient seat of the Lees, in Virginia, was the gift of a queen, and stands on a picturesque bluff on the south bank of the Potomac River. It is a fine example of Georgian architecture. The house, built in 1725 or 1730 with funds from Queen Caroline's privy purse, was to replace the Stratford destroyed by fire, the home of Thomas Lee, grandson of Richard Lee, the first of the name in the New World. Richard Lee came to Virginia during the reign of Charles I and is said to have been the first white man in the "Northern Neck"—that portion of Virginia which Charles II later on heedlessly granted to his favorites, Culpepper and Arlington. Richard Lee bought land from the Indians, and in 1663 he received from Sir William Berkeley a grant of four thousand acres in

Westmoreland County. This was the beginning of the Stratford estate, so called in memory of his English home; for in his will he says, "I, Colonel Richard Lee, of Virginia, and lately of Stratford-Langton, in the County of Essex, Esquire." In this will he leaves to his wife Anna "Stratford-on-the-Potowmacke."

His son, Richard Lee, educated at Oxford, also lived at Stratford and married a Miss Corbin, or Corbyn. On an old tombstone found in the "Burnt-House fields" (as the site of the original Stratford was called), where are yet to be seen the foundations of large buildings, the following inscriptions are legible: "Here lieth the body of Richard Lee, Esq., born in Virginia, Son of Richard Lee, Gentleman, descended of an ancient family of Merton-Regis, in Shropshire." . . . "Nearby is interred the body of Lettice, his faithful wife, daughter of Henry Corbyn, Gentleman."

Their fourth son, Thomas Lee, became the most distinguished member of the family. As a younger son, his inheritance was small. He had "only a common Virginia education," but by his own efforts learned to read the classics, and "by his industry and parts acquired a considerable fortune." He became a member of the King's Council, and his son says of him, "though he was so well known by reputation that upon his receiving a loss by fire, the late Queen Caroline sent him over a bountiful present." He was made President and Commander-in-Chief over the colony until the King appointed him Governor. But he died before his commission reached him. In 1722 Thomas Lee married Hannah Ludwell, and to this marriage we are indebted for a long line of distinguished sons and patriots. For the manor house which Thomas Lee built with Queen Caroline's

"bountiful present" gave to Virginia "one Governor, four members of the Council of State, twelve members of the House of Burgesses; to the State of Maryland one Governor, two Councilors, three members of the Assembly; to the American Revolution, four members of the Convention of 1776, two signers of the Declaration of Independence, and two brothers representing their government at the courts of Europe. To the Confederate States of America, the Commander-in-Chief of its armies and four other generals."

Stratford is a home worthy to have been the birthplace of genius and headquarters of the fashion and nobility of the Old Dominion. Built in the form of the letter H, its walls of glazed brick, brought from England, are several feet thick. In the center, between the two wings, is an oak-paneled hall or salon (used as a library), thirty feet in size; and surmounting each wing is a pavilion with balustrades, above which rise clusters of four massive chimneys. An interesting feature of this house is a secret room concealed, not behind wainscoting, but within one of these groups of chimneys, a room which was occupied at times, as is proved by traces of ink and candle grease on the floor. Stratford house is the center of a square of buildings—the corners of the square marked by dormer-windowed outbuildings—of brick, used as schoolhouse, laundry, coach house and stable. The old kitchen is also a separate structure, near the house, after the manner of the homes of that period. In the walls of the spacious hall are built-in book shelves, and this hall opens at each side, with stone steps leading directly into the garden; for it must be remembered that Stratford was built long before the days of "Colonial" architecture, with its columned portico. It is said that it cost Thomas Lee about eighty

thousand dollars to build this mansion; but we must not estimate this sum in the light of today. At that time the major part of such work was done by servants, which cost nothing in money. The eighty thousand represents the English brick, the carvings, furniture and decorations.

Such was the home of Colonel Richard Lee, and of his son, Philip Ludwell Lee, who married Elizabeth Steptoe, of Westmoreland County. He also was a member of the King's Council, and lived in great state; he kept a band of musicians, to whose airs his daughters, Matilda and Flora, with their companions, danced in the salon, or promenaded on the housetop.

From this home came Richard Henry Lee, who in obedience to the Virginia Convention, moved the resolution in Congress to declare the Colonies free and independent States, and Francis Lightfoot Lee, his brother. To this famous mansion came General Henry Lee (known as "Light Horse Harry") in 1782, to be married to his cousin, "the divine Matilda," as the elder daughter of Philip Ludwell Lee was called. Through this marriage Stratford became his home after the Revolution; and it was to Stratford that he brought his second wife, Anne Carter, of Shirley. Their three sons were born at Stratford, the youngest of whom, Robert Edward Lee, was destined to an immortal fame, comparable only with that of his great kinsman, George Washington.

Young Robert E. Lee was cradled amid the memorials of his splendid race. Old portraits, old plate, old furniture, old parchments, old servants—all testified to the ancient origin and high position of his family. We may picture the child, amid these surroundings, sometimes fondled by his father, an old soldier, grown gray and shattered in health,

once the friend of Washington and Greene, now writing a history of the great battles in which he had borne no mean part. To his pen we are also indebted for the words "Robert was always good." When we consider these early impressions, we begin to understand, perhaps, why no amount of fame, power, wealth, honors, misfortune, poverty or calamity itself, had the power to disturb the poise and balance of Robert E. Lee; for nothing that life might bring him could equal, in impressiveness, that to which he was born.

The approach to Stratford is on the south, along the side of a lawn, several hundred acres in extent, adorned with cedars, oaks and Lombardy poplars. On ascending a hill, not far from the gate, the traveler comes in full view of the mansion, when the road turns to the right and leads straight to a group of sugar maples, around which it sweeps to the house. There is an oval flower plot at both front and rear, bordered with box. In the front plot is a sundial. The kitchen garden, at the side of the house, is surrounded by high brick walls. The squares were edged with iris, grown for its roots, furnishing orris powder and perfume; for the housewife of that day depended largely upon her herbs. The greatest change at Stratford is in the appearance of the old cemetery which was under a brick house and consisted of a deep vault, with separate alcoves for different branches of the family. The brick walls were in such dilapidation a few years ago that the owner did away with them. He built a large mound, on the top of which he placed the tombstone of Governor Lee, inscribed, "In the memory of the Hon. Thomas Lee, whose body was buried at Pope's Creek Church, five miles above his country-seat, Stratford Hall, in 1756."

The manor house was inherited by Major Henry Lee, son of Matilda and General Henry Lee. He married Anne McCarty, of Westmoreland County, and at his death Stratford became the property of their son, Charles Carter Lee, the last of his name to own this historic estate. From him it passed to Mrs. Starke, who was a Miss McCarty. She left the mansion and one thousand acres to her nephew, Dr. Richard Stewart, who now owns it.

The Virginia State Camp, Patriotic Sons of America, have appointed "The Lee Memorial Birthplace Committee," whose object it is to try to acquire this property for the State of Virginia as a shrine for Americans. Stratford, as a shrine of early and romantic American history, is worthy of the interest of every American citizen.

ARLINGTON

Note: This paper was awarded a prize of $15.00 in gold, offered by Mrs. Frances Parkinson Keyes, in 1922.

ARLINGTON

NEARLY two hundred years ago, on the peninsula known as the Eastern Shore of Virginia, which lies between Chesapeake Bay and the Atlantic Ocean, John Custis IV drove with his haughty wife, Frances Parke Custis. They were having a heated argument, in which Frances obviously held to her own opinion. Finally John Custis, in desperation, drove into Chesapeake Bay until the waters lapped their feet. Then demanded his wife, "Where are you driving, Mr. Custis?"

"To hell, madam," he replied.

"Drive on, Mr. Custis," coolly answered Frances, descendant of gallant soldiers, at the same time exemplifying the true spirit of "scissors to the last."

Other stories of their conjugal warfare survive in this section; of months spent under the same roof without exchanging a single word. How at dinner the negro butler was told to ask his mistress, seated across from Mr. Custis, if she would take a piece of the fowl, which the head of the house carved. In return the haughty Frances demanded of

him whether his master would have coffee or tea. In fact, their brief and unhappy married life is immortalized in the inscription which queer John Custis had engraved upon his tomb, in which, at his own request, he was buried upstanding. The inscription is entirely legible today, and informs the world that, although he died an old man, he really lived only the eight years that he kept bachelor's hall at Arlington. Yes, at Arlington. A name dear to every American—but not the Arlington on the Potomac, for that mansion, built a century later, was named for this old Colonial Custis home in Northampton County, Virginia. On this narrow peninsula, between Chesapeake Bay and the Atlantic Ocean, four named John Custis, in lineal succession, were born, descendants of John Custis, the pioneer, who came from Holland to Virginia before 1640.

The second John Custis, a major general in Bacon's Rebellion, receiving a valuable estate from his wife, named it Arlington in honor of Henry, Earl of Arlington, to whom, in connection with Lord Culpepper, Charles II made a grant in 1673 of the whole of Virginia. General Custis' son, John, member of the King's Council, left a son, John, fourth of the name. He was educated in England, became a member of the King's Council, and married Frances, the proud daughter of Daniel Parke, a native of Virginia, who had served under Marlborough at Blenheim and later became Governor of the Leeward Islands.

This strange couple had one son, Daniel Parke Custis, whose chief claim to fame lies in his marriage to Martha Dandridge, the future Lady Washington. At his death, in 1757, he left a large estate to his wife and two children, Nellie and John Parke Custis. Two years later his widow

became the wife of George Washington, the hero of Braddock's field.

His son, John Parke Custis, bought a tract of land in Alexandria County, Virginia, which originally formed a part of the grant of six thousand acres by Sir William Berkeley to Robert Howsen as a reward for the latter's services in bringing a number of settlers into the colony. He, in turn, disposed of the entire tract to John Alexander for six hogsheads of tobacco. In 1778 it was conveyed to John Parke Custis for one hundred and ten thousand pounds of Virginia currency and promptly named Arlington, in memory of the ancestral home. This property was owned by him and his heirs until it was confiscated by the government during the War Between the States.

John Parke Custis' youngest son, George Washington Parke Custis, was reared by his grandmother, Mrs. Washington, at Mount Vernon. Inheriting this Arlington estate, he was the first member of the family to make it his home, and determined to build himself a mansion upon the crest of the forest-clad hills, commanding an unrivaled view of the capitol and country. The mansion, built after plans drawn, for the most part, by himself, and of brick burned on the place under his supervision, was finished about 1803. It has a frontage of one hundred and forty feet, including the main building and wings on either side, the salient feature being the grand portico, modeled after the temple of Theseus at Athens, uplifted by eight massive Doric columns.

It was to this home that George Washington Parke Custis, then twenty-three years old, brought his bride, Mary Lee Fitzhugh, a kinswoman of John Randolph, of Roanoke. The house was furnished with treasures from Mount Ver-

non, heirlooms of the Parke and Custis families, besides scores of precious relics of George Washington—among them the bed upon which he died; the marquee and sleeping tent occupied by him during the Revolution; his camp chest; Peale's portrait of him as a Virginia colonel; his sideboard; a silver tea set and china presented by the Society of the Cincinnati and the French officers; the imported harpsichord which he gave as a bridal present to Nellie Custis, and other articles of great interest. Lafayette was entertained here in 1825.

Mr. Custis left this home and estate to his daughter and only child, Mrs. Robert Edward Lee, for life, and thereafter in fee to his eldest grandchild, George Washington Custis Lee. He directed his executors to manumit all of his slaves within five years after his death. This date fell due in 1862, at a time when General Lee was in one of the most arduous campaigns of the war. In spite of the duties pressing upon him, he carried out these instructions to the letter, by entering upon the records of the Richmond Hustings Court a paper that assured the immediate liberation of all the slaves attached to "Arlington," "Romancoke" and the "White House." There is a letter of great interest preserved in the Confederate Museum in Richmond, written by Mrs. Robert E. Lee in 1858 (to "Dear Abbey") referring to slaves that had already been freed, and the fact of their having to send some one down to the lower plantation to look after them, as it was a severe winter, and they had no idea how to take care of themselves.

Even before he entered West Point, young Robert E. Lee was a visitor at Arlington and was early attached to the daughter of the home, Mary Anne Randolph Custis, to

whom he was engaged when he graduated. They were married two years later at Arlington, in the drawing room to the right as you enter, having six young lieutenants in attendance, and the usual festivities of a Virginia wedding. This place was Lee's home for thirty years, and while performing with distinction his duties as an army officer in Mexico and elsewhere, his heart turned to Arlington, where his wife and growing family watched with eagerness for his letters. It was while on leave at Arlington, in 1859, that he was ordered to Harper's Ferry to capture John Brown, and while at Arlington again in 1861 he received news of his promotion as colonel of the First United States Cavalry. But he never joined the First Cavalry, for he was now in the throes of an intense mental struggle, and it was on the 20th of April, 1861, in his library at Arlington—the room at the end of the south wing—that he penned the letter to General Scott, announcing his decision.

The man, the place and the temptation are profoundly significant. In the presence of heirlooms from Mount Vernon, which brought to him a message from the past, when his noble kinsman dedicated himself to the cause of constitutional liberty, Lee found the inspiration and the strength to lay aside every selfish consideration. For never should it be forgotten that it was in his power to resign his commission and retire to Arlington to pass the remainder of his days.

On the twenty-second of April, Colonel Lee and his family left Arlington, and, as he had foreseen, their stately home soon became a military camp. After the first battle of Bull Run, McDowell's defeated army fell back and entrenched itself upon the heights of Arlington, where Presi-

dent Lincoln went to infuse hope into the troops. Thenceforward it became an armed camp and hospital base, the mansion given up as officers' quarters. The fine grove was cut down, and tents pitched, and at intervals forts were built. The following year many of the priceless treasures of this home, which so strangely formed a link between the past and present, were, by order of Secretary Stanton, transferred to the Interior Department and placed on exhibition in the Patent Office. Mrs. Lee wrote to President Johnson in 1869 requesting their return. The Secretary of the Interior replied that the President had directed their restoration, but the House of Representatives intervened, and directed an inquiry into the legal right of such a step. Some of these heirlooms now form a part of the Washington collection in the National Museum, some are at Mount Vernon and some were returned to the owners.

Early in 1864 it became necessary to provide a new cemetery, all available space having been used at the Soldiers' Home. A pamphlet, entitled "Historic Arlington," by Decker and McSween, states that the first interment at Arlington took place on the thirteenth of May, 1864, by order of General M. C. Meigs, who, on that day accompanied President Lincoln in a drive to Arlington. They were about to depart when they observed a squad of soldiers carrying upon stretchers several dead comrades. As many more awaited burial, General Meigs gave orders that these, and all bodies at Arlington should be buried on the place. Then, walking a few paces away, he pointed out the slight terrace bordering the garden. "Bury them here," he said, and this order was carried out. From that day interments at Arlington were of daily occurrence.

In 1863 Congress provided for the collection of all direct taxes due in insurrectionary districts. The tax due on Arlington was ninety-two dollars and seven cents ($92.07). No one could pay the tax, except the person against whom it was charged. As Mrs. Lee could not appear in person to pay the tax, Arlington was sold, not merely that part of it necessary to pay this small sum, but the whole estate of eleven hundred acres. By order of the President, in 1863 Arlington was purchased "for government use" for the sum of twenty-six thousand eight hundred dollars ($26,800). Forgotten was that clause in Magna Charta which had for more than six hundred years been regarded as the embodiment of civil liberty, which reads as follows: "Neither we nor our bailiffs shall seize any lands or rents for any debt, while chattels of the debtor are sufficient for the payment of the debt."

After the death of Mrs. Lee, her eldest son, George Washington Custis Lee, instituted action to recover the property in the Circuit Court of the County of Alexandria. The suit was laid against Kaufman and Strong, two government officials who had charge of the estate, as well as a large number of other functionaries. The action was removed to the Circuit Court of the United States and was there dismissed as to all of the defendants except Kaufman and Strong. General Custis Lee introduced evidence establishing title, in himself, by the will of his grandfather. This, with the long possession under that title, made a prima facie right of recovery in the plaintiff. The lower court held the tax certificate of the government officials to be invalid and judgment was given for General Lee. The United States Government contended that this action could not be maintained,

because it was against the government itself and that the government was not subject to any such act. This was overruled, and the case went to the Supreme Court of the United States in March, 1882. An opinion was handed down on December fourth of that year affirming the judgment of the lower court, thereby establishing the title of General Lee in the Arlington property.

The case was argued for General Lee by Judge William J. Robertson, Charlottesville, Virginia, and Mr. S. Ferguson Beach, of Alexandria, Virginia. The opinion was delivered by Justice Miller of the Supreme Court, with the following comment: "Shall it be said that the court cannot give remedy when the citizen has been deprived of his property by force, his estate seized and converted to the use of the government without any lawful compensation, because the President had ordered it and his officers are in possession. If such be the law of this country, it sanctions a tyranny which has no existence in the monarchies of Europe, nor in any other government which has a claim to well-regulated liberty and the protection of personal rights."

As the place was no longer suitable for a home, General Lee sold it to the government for $150,000, though after paying taxes and fees he realized only $100,000 for the estate, which is easily one of the most historic in America.

Thus, as the Chinese proverb has it, "Out of ten thousand bitternesses wells the eternal peace," for the soldiers of three different wars now sleep at Arlington, consecrating it as our national "temple of silence and reconciliation."

Note: This paper was awarded the prize of $50.00, offered through The United Daughters of the Confederacy, in 1927.

RAPHAEL SEMMES

MEMOIR OF ADMIRAL SEMMES—LATE C. S. N.,

Commander of the Immortal Alabama

In a recent number of The Confederate Veteran Magazine there appears a letter by Raphael Semmes written in 1865, while he was awaiting trial for his so-called "misdeeds on the high seas." The letter is addressed to his older brother, Samuel Semmes, from whom he had been separated, even by letter, during the four years of war. After stating his position and that of the South in the recent struggle, Admiral Semmes adds: "But I am content, my brother. My conscience is clear, my self-respect has been preserved, and my sense of manhood remains unimpaired. I think, too, the South will be content, nothwithstanding her immense losses and sacrifices. If she had yielded to the intolerant exactions of Northern selfishness and fanaticism, without appealing to the arbitrament of war, she would have played a craven and unworthy part." The clear insight and poise of this man, as revealed in the entire letter, commend it to the reading of all who would look into the very holy of holies and see the secret springs of great and noble deeds.

Here, indeed, was one who had risen above selfish interests, for at the outbreak of war, with a family dependent upon him, he resigned the position of Secretary of the Lighthouse Board in Washington, and returned to Alabama to offer his services to President Davis. As commander, first of the *Sumter,* and then of the *Alabama,* he dealt destruction to Federal shipping, exhibiting extraordinary powers of initiative and executive ability; and by drawing attention to his feats on the high seas, he lessened the vigor of the Southern blockade. For these deeds, not to be named with the damage and injury done by Sherman, he was now called a pirate, corsair and freebooter and summoned for trial before a hostile court. Yet in such plight he pens these words, "I am content, my brother."

It is evident that we have here no ordinary man. As a matter of fact, Raphael Semmes was one of the most versatile and capable men in America. Proficient in his chosen profession, a pioneer in the transition of the Navies of Nations from sail to steam, an author of great charm, a soldier who served with credit and distinction through the Mexican War; having a well-trained legal mind of immense ingenuity, a wide reader, singularly sensitive to beauty, and a close observer of Nature, his diary shows an intelligent and scientific interest in tides, storms and currents. His early book about the Mexican War is a delightful narrative of travel, with suggestive comments on the manners, customs, religion and government of the people. It would be difficult to find a more absorbing book than his "Memoirs of Service Afloat," in which the reader follows, with almost breathless interest, his thrilling cruises all over the world, and the taking and burning of an amazing number of Federal ships.

Raphael Semmes' ancestor, Benedict Joseph Semmes, of Normandy, France, came over with Lord Baltimore in 1640. His mother, Catherine Hooe Middleton, was a descendant of Arthur Middleton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Raphael was born in Charles County, Maryland, on September 27, 1809, less than twelve months after Abraham Lincoln. His parents died when he was young, and he and his brother were taken into the home of his uncle, Raphael Semmes, in Georgetown, D. C.

When young Raphael had just passed his sixteenth birthday he was appointed by President Adams a midshipman from Maryland. The life of a midshipman at that period was a rough-and-ready experience, and it is a tribute to his natural good taste that even amid such surroundings young Semmes found time to read; in spite of such influences in the formative years of his life, he was distinguished through a long and eventful career for a high moral sense. After six years of this training he was ordered to the Norfolk Navy Yard for coaching in mathematics, and took first honors in his class of passed midshipmen on April 28, 1832. The next two years he devoted chiefly to studying law in his brother's office, a knowledge that was to stand him in good stead when he had to depend entirely upon his own resources for deciding the most intricate questions. Life on board the *Alabama* brought him daily into contact with the nicest and most puzzling international problems, both of law and morals. In every instance he showed a brilliant grasp of the legal points involved, great powers of persuasive argument, and an unerring instinct to make every suggestion tell.

In 1837, as Lieutenant Semmes, we find him in Cincinnati, where on May 5 he was married to Anne Elizabeth

Spencer, only daughter of Oliver Marlborough Spencer and Electra Ogden.

During the Mexican War Lieutenant Semmes was selected by Commodore Perry to bear protest from the President of the United States to the Mexican Government against the treatment of Midshipman Rogers as a spy, and he was later appointed an aide on General Worth's staff. He was frequently cited in military dispatches as an officer of "habitual gallantry, intelligence and devotion."

The war of the sixties found the South not only without a navy but totally unprepared to build one, and Raphael Semmes was sent to Washington and the North to get skilled mechanics and materials for our crying needs. After procuring these he was given command of the *Sumter,* a merchant one-screw steamer of five hundred tons. With this ship he gallantly ran the blockade at New Orleans and soon captured eighteen merchantmen. When she was blockaded at Tangier he sold her and went to England, in the meantime being promoted to the rank of captain.

The Confederate Navy had succeeded in arranging to have a ship built by the Lairds in England. It was known there as 290, and left the English port unarmed, sailing to the Azores, where Captain Semmes took charge and christened her the *Alabama.* The Federal authorities raised a hue and cry over this act on the part of a neutral nation, which Admiral Semmes discusses at length in his delightful book, "Memoirs of Service Afloat." He proves quite fully from English authorities that the Federal government had been ahead of us in trying to get ships for the same purpose built in England and had failed. He says, "If Mr. Welles, Secretary of the Federal Navy, could go into the shipyards of the

Mersey and endeavor to contract for the delivery to him of a ship or ships of war to be finished complete, in the words of Mr. Laird's correspondent, 'with guns and everything appertaining,' it is difficult to perceive why Mr. Mallory, the Secretary of the Confederate States Navy, might not go into the same shipyards and contract for the delivery to him of an incomplete ship, without any guns at all."

The *Alabama* was both a steamer and a sailing ship at the same time, neither mode being dependent upon the other. Her engine was of three hundred horsepower, and her captain said, "She sat upon the water with the lightness and grace of a swan." She soon became the terror of the enemy, capturing sixty-two merchantmen and burning most of them at sea, as our ports were blockaded, and Captain Semmes had no right to take his prizes into neutral waters. He showed great tact in solving the difficult problems of international usage, which were daily arising, being careful always to keep within the law. He describes his crew as a "precious set of rascals," and only stern and rigid discipline kept them in order. There is no proof that it was too stern, and there are many evidences that his sailors had the utmost confidence in him. The *Alabama* was often filled with prisoners, sometimes women and children, who were always given the best quarters on board until arrangements could be made to send them home by one of his captured vessels. At the close of the war the enemy brought charges against him of inhuman treatment of prisoners. Robert A. Bolles, legal adviser of the Federal Navy Department, after a thorough and fair investigation, reported as follows: "In no single instance was there furnished a particle of proof that 'the pirate Semmes,' as many of my correspondents called him, had ever maltreated his cap-

tives or subjected them to needless or unavoidable deprivation."

In June, 1863, the *Alabama* met the *Hatteras* off Galveston, and thirteen minutes after firing into her, the *Hatteras* surrendered. A year later, the *Alabama* came to death grapples with the *Kearsarge,* near Cherbourg. Captain Semmes was trying to get his ship into dock for much-needed overhauling when the *Kearsarge* steamed into the harbor and then out beyond the breakwater, where she remained. In this predicament, Captain Semmes decided to fight. After an hour and a half of battle, the *Alabama* surrendered, as she was sinking. With coolness, he provided for his wounded men and gave the order for all to save themselves. With one arm wounded and useless, he sprang into the sea, and was later rescued by an English yacht, the *Deerhound.* His total loss was nine killed and twenty-one wounded.

After a few weeks abroad, Captain Semmes made his way, under an English flag, to Texas, and by degrees to his home in Mobile, thence to Richmond, where he was signally honored by both Congress and the Virginia Legislature. He was promoted to Rear Admiral and assigned command of the James River fleet.

On April 2 he was ordered to burn his ships, and with the rank of Brigadier General take his force of five hundred men to join the army. But as no trains were running, he had to use fence rails for heating an old engine, and with his men in box cars arrived in Danville, Virginia, the next morning, having barely missed Sheridan's cavalry. He went on to North Carolina, where he and his men were paroled under the terms agreed upon by Generals Johnston and Sherman. Seven months later, at his home in Mobile, he was arrested

on the charge that he should have delivered himself up to the enemy after having been rescued by the yacht *Deerhound.* The Northern press also bristled with the claim that he had not been paroled. He was in close imprisonment in Washington for four months. It was then that he wrote his strong letter of legal defense to President Johnson, claiming the protection under the terms of peace under which he was paroled, in which it was plainly stated that neither the officers nor men would "be disturbed" so long as they observed their obligations. In closing this letter, he says: "The prayer of this petition is that you will not permit the honor of the American name to be tarnished by a perfidy. . . . Whatever else may be said of me, I have at least brought no discredit upon the American name and character." Every charge brought against Admiral Semmes fell through for lack of evidence, and finally sentiment began to soften. In the meantime there was a breach between the President and Congress, and several amnesty proclamations were issued. Under the third proclamation he was pardoned, and on his return to Mobile he was elected Probate Judge, but was not allowed by the Federal authorities to serve. He edited a daily paper until the controlling interest was bought up by the President, when he accepted a professorship in a military school in Louisiana, but returned to Mobile and the practice of law and the writing of his Memoirs. The end came on August 30, 1877, and he was buried in Mobile with the rites of the Catholic Church. Twenty-five years later a statue of him was unveiled in Mobile, and as time passes and prejudice disappears, his brilliant deeds become a part of the proud heritage which American valor has bequeathed to this nation. For truth, courage and patriotism endure forever.

MOSBY'S RANGERS

MOSBY'S RANGERS

WHAT Marion and Sumter meant to the Revolution, Mosby's Rangers were to the South in her struggle for civil liberty. Recognized by the Confederate government as a part of the regular cavalry, organized under the Partisan Ranger Law, which allowed them the benefit of the law applying to maritime prizes, Mosby's battalion came into military life like a brilliant meteor speeding across the horizon of history, making such a record that even the enemy has cenotaphed its name. The dash and boldness of Mosby's men, their originality of method, the unparalleled success of their raids and attacks, read like a tale from the Arabian Nights and seem incredible.

There is perhaps nowhere in history a greater tribute to personality than is found in the gradual growth and constant renewing of Mosby's following. Beginning alone as a scout at General Stuart's headquarters, a few men from the First Regiment, Virginia Cavalry, were later detailed to act with him, and his leadership attracted so much attention that volunteers came from all parts of the country to follow him.

Officers resigned positions in the regular army and came to Mosby to serve as privates. Sergeant Ames, of the Fifth New York Cavalry, deserted his regiment and joined Mosby's command, proving a valuable acquisition. A number of furloughed cavalry men, who needed horses, joined Mosby, and soon had mounts captured from the enemy; for Mosby's command was mounted, armed and equipped at the expense of the United States Government. A good many wounded Confederate soldiers had been left at a Confederate hospital in Middleburg, who were now convalescent. These men would go with Mosby on raids and return to the hospital. When the Federal cavalry came in pursuit, they never suspected that the cripples they saw lying on their couches or hobbling on crutches were the men who created the night panics in their camps. Mosby's men had no headquarters, but would disperse and seek shelter in the homes near by or in barns, or anywhere. By means of messengers and scouts sent out they would assemble again on incredibly short notice. Just when the enemy thought he had his finger on them they dissolved like mist. Only men of honor and integrity were accepted, and many of them later became eminent in their several professions, among them several ministers of the Gospel, who were invincible in arms, sparing not themselves or others in this righteous cause.

The Rangers took for the base of their operations the Piedmont region of Virginia lying between the Rappahannock and Potomac Rivers, which embraces the upper part of Fauquier and Loudoun Counties, which came in time to be known as "Mosby's Confederacy." Here was rich pasturage for their horses, while the Blue Ridge, near by, afforded a safe retreat when hard pressed by superior numbers. In this

section were the homes of cultivated people, whose loyalty to the cause, though tried by sword and fire, never wavered.

Mosby's policy was to avoid fighting at home as much as possible, as this would encourage an overwhelming force to come again. He preferred being the aggressor, and carrying war into the enemy's country, and results showed that his judgment was correct, for his Rangers constantly harassed the enemy, cut their communications, destroyed supply trains in the rear of invading armies and captured numerous cavalry outposts, compelling the Federals to strengthen their pickets, sometimes to contract their lines, and always to exercise constant vigilance. His aim was to diminish the aggressive power of the opposing army by compelling it to keep a large force on the defensive. With this in view, the Rangers constantly assailed the rear of the army, its most vulnerable point; for the military value of a partisan's work is not measused by the number of men killed or captured, but by the number he keeps watching. If, while rendering this valuable service, Mosby's men were rewarded with horses and arms, these were devoted, like their lives, to the cause in which they were fighting.

Mosby's most brilliant exploit was the capture of Brigadier General Stoughton at Fairfax Court House on the night of March 8, 1863. With twenty-nine men he penetrated the Union lines for miles, surrounded by thousands of hostile soldiers. Though Mosby and his men were wearing, as always, the Confederate uniform, they were not suspected in the dark. Their reply to the sentinel's challenge was, "Fifth New York Cavalry," and then they took the sentinels along with them, for in this sort of work, as Mosby said, "A six-shooter has great persuasive powers."

While some of his men collected horses from the stables, Mosby with five or six others pushed on to the house which General Stoughton occupied. Giving a loud knock at the door, the question, "Who is there?" was answered by saying "Fifth New York Cavalry, with a dispatch for General Stoughton." The door was opened by a man not fully dressed. Mosby seized him by the collar and whispered who he was, ordering him to show him to the General's room. He found the General sleeping heavily, as he had been up late, drinking champagne. As throwing the covers off did not arouse him, Mosby gave him a spank, which brought him upright in bed, enquiring the meaning of such rudeness. Mosby, leaning over, said, "General, did you ever hear of Mosby?" Yes," he said. "Have you caught him?" "No," was the answer, "I am Mosby—he has caught you," and adding that Stuart's cavalry held the town, and General Jackson was at Centreville. In despair the General then asked if Fitz Lee was there, requesting that he should be taken to him, as they had been classmates at West Point. They left in the dark, though General Stoughton was not allowed to hold his bridle rein, and the prisoners could not distinguish their own men from Mosby's. Lieutenant Prentiss escaped in the darkness, and all was confusion in the town, as each man was in search of a hiding place. Mosby had spent an hour within the lines, and was leaving with prisoners, horses and spoils, without even firing a shot, or having one fired at his troop. They rode on in full view of the enemy's camp near Centreville, with cannon, not three hundred yards away, pointing at them. But the Federals evidently thought they were some of their own men and paid no attention to them. When they arrived at Culpeper

Court House with one general, two captains, thirty privates and fifty-eight horses, Generals Fitzhugh Lee and Stuart beamed upon Mosby and his Rangers. Only two months had passed since Mosby had left Stuart's tent, unheralded and unsung, to tempt fortune in the Fairfax forest. He was at once promoted to the rank of Major.

The Rangers usually fought against great odds. As witness an encounter near Dranesville, in the spring of 1863, when a Federal force of at least two hundred men—six companies of the First Vermont Cavalry, one of their oldest and best regiments—attacked the Rangers while their horses were eating, few of them even bridled. Under such circumstances Mosby ordered a counter charge, to which his men gallantly responded, with a yell which terrified the Vermonters, who broke and fled. Mosby realized the powerful moral effect of assuming the offensive when nothing but surrender was expected. He had only sixty-two men in this affair and they brought off eighty-two prisoners, about one hundred horses and their equipments. They did not fare so well at Warrenton Junction, where they had to fight ten times their number; but they soon gathered their forces again, with a howitzer added. Thus reinforced, they moved to the rear of Hooker's army, wrecked a train, damaged the surrounding troops, and cut their way through the lines. In 1864 they captured a transport train near Aquia Creek and compelled General Grant, while in the Wilderness, to detach a cavalry force to protect his communications. Mosby did not believe in using the sabre in actual conflict, but depended upon the revolver, which in trained hands did deadly work. Several efforts were made to exterminate "Mosby's gang." The most formidable was attempted by Captain Blazer, a dis-

tinguished soldier and scout. His command had a desperate fight with the Rangers near Kabletown, but were driven from the field. Blazer tried to rally his men, but finding this impossible, and having a good mount, he made all speed to escape and would have done so but for a young man named Ferguson, who spurred his fleet mare, "Fashion," after the fugitive. Having emptied his pistol without hitting Blazer, he overtook the Captain and with a blow from his pistol landed him unconscious in a fence corner. Twenty-four Federals were killed and sixty-two prisoners taken, with fifty horses and equipment. In the autumn of 1864 Sheridan, acting under orders from General Grant, shot and hanged seven of Mosby's men without trial. Mosby retaliated by hanging seven of Custer's Cavalry.

The Northern press had a great deal to say about the guerillas, as the Federals insisted upon calling Mosby's men, but it should be remembered that Mosby's command was the Forty-third Battalion of Virginia Cavalry, whose commander reported to General Stuart until his death, and then to General Lee, who said he wished he had a hundred leaders like Mosby. In fact, the Rangers had become so valuable they were intrusted with the guardianship of the whole section of country from the Rappahannock to the Blue Ridge, and also the Valley.

In the "Life of General Sheridan," written by two Union soldiers, we find this tribute to Mosby, who won the rank of Colonel before the close of the war: "John S. Mosby, the partisan leader of Northern Virginia, deserves a place in any reference to the doings and deeds of the Confederate troopers. He deserves it because he is a man of character enough to win the respect of his foes."

When Lee and Johnston both surrendered, Colonel Mosby called his men together for the last time, and amid a solemn silence, his Farewell was read to his men:

"Fauquier County, April 21, 1865.

"Soldiers: I have summoned you together for the last time. The vision we cherished of a free and independent country has vanished, and that country is now the spoil of a conqueror. I disband your organization in preference to surrendering to our enemies. I am no longer your commander. After an association of more than two eventful years, I part from you with a just pride in the fame of your achievements, and grateful recollections of your generous kindness to myself. And now, at this moment of bidding you a final adieu, accept the assurance of my unchanging confidence and regard. Farewell.

"JOHN S. MOSBY, *Colonel.*"

SIDNEY LANIER

SIDNEY LANIER

"He has outsoared the shadow of our night."

IF the gods are well pleased when they see great minds contending with adversity, the experience of the South, after the War Between the States, must have furnished much satisfaction to "high Olympus."

Into this "unfamiliar avenue of a new era" came the "Round Table," a literary weekly published in New York with the following editorial some time during the year 1866: "The literary field was never so barren. . . . Who will show us the first signs of a genuine literary reviving? Every door is wide open." We know now that the reviving was close at hand and that the first real voice from the New South came from Georgia, so harshly dealt with by war. For, among those who read this editorial, was a young Georgia school teacher, who felt the thrill as he heard this challenge and at once sent the paper a budget of his poems, and a year later went to New York to bring out a novel, "Tiger Lilies," which was well received. He was the first to catch the new national spirit, having come out of the acute suffering of the war with the vision of a new heaven and a new earth, the

first heaven and the first earth having passed away; and one may search his poems in vain for one single despondent note.

This brave transition figure was the poet, musician, soldier and gentleman, Sidney Lanier, who more than any other writer of his time illustrates the difference between mid-century literature and that of a later national period. Born in Macon, Georgia, February the third, eighteen hundred forty-two, he was of gentle birth on both sides. His father, Robert Lanier, a lawyer, was of an old Huguenot strain dating back to Southern France and England, while his mother, a Virginian, was of Scotch-Irish ancestry. Thus he came from a home of culture and refinement. In the social life of Macon, which was representative of the best elements of the South, and the home of his grandfather, typical of the times, Lanier had the opportunity of seeing at its best the life of the Old South just before it vanished. At fifteen he entered Oglethorpe University, graduating in 1860 with highest honors. During his college life he was greatly influenced by James Woodrow, of the department of science, who revealed to him the meaning of real scholarship, and it was this influence, no doubt, which made him, in later years, so tolerant and broad of view. To Carlyle, however, may be traced Lanier's love of German literature, and his dream was to enter a German university and do scholarly work. But war came and he enlisted, at twenty, with his brother Clifford as private in the Macon Volunteers.

The four years that followed, whether spent in camp near Norfolk, on scout duty along James River, in the battles of Seven Pines, Drewry's Bluff and Malvern Hill, on a blockade runner off the coast of Wilmington, North Carolina, or in a military prison, Lanier's clear head and iron

nerve stood him in good stead. This close contact with life in elemental conditions was a university course far different from that of which he had dreamed, and while other Southerners were still rereading the classics, he was studying, even in camp and in prison, English poetry, Lessing, Schelling and other German writers, voyaging into new and strange fields of thought and writing his father that, "Gradually I find my whole soul is merging itself into this business of writing, and especially of writing poetry."

At Point Lookout prison he was subjected to intolerable hardships, lived under loathsome conditions and developed tuberculosis, which finally shortened his life. Two sources of comfort and joy were his during these bitter months—one his precious flute, and the other, the companionship of his fellow prisoner and poet, Father Tabb, who afterwards referred to the beauty and purity of Lanier's life under these conditions, citing him as proof of the truth of Sir Galahad's words: "My strength is as the strength of ten, because my heart is pure."

After four months in prison Lanier was released through gold which a friend smuggled in in his mouth. It was not a day too soon, for he was then a mere skeleton, nearer dead than alive. An old friend from Montgomery happened to be on the same boat in which the prisoners were en route to Fortress Monroe; she and her little daughter, hearing that Sidney Lanier was in the hold of the vessel dying, were allowed to go down to see him. Wrapped in an old quilt, and lying in one of the rude stalls provided for cattle, they found him, past recognizing his friends. They took him above, to their own room, having to pass him along over the heads of the crowded prisoners. With the warmth of clean

blankets, soup and brandy, he fell asleep, and a few hours later asked for his flute, which he had kept up his coat sleeve. With the first few notes a shout of joy went up from those below, and friends around him were entranced with the flood of liquid melody. After this experience, and in his wasted condition, he walked from Richmond, Virginia, to Macon, Georgia, with the help of his flute and twenty dollars in gold, to find, on his arrival, that his mother was dying of consumption. Having no profession, he was forced by poverty to take the little school in Prattville, Georgia, and live amid uncongenial surroundings. Here, too, he suffered from his first hemorrhage, and the rest of his life, like that of Stevenson, under somewhat similar conditions, was a fight with tuberculosis. With unparalleled heroism, he fought off disease for fifteen years, and under physical weakness that would have sent the average man to his bed and his grave, he made himself recognized as the leading poetic voice of the New South and one of the few poetic voices of his era. During these sad years, when "living in the South was merely not dying," many talented men went to other sections, some of them achieving fame; and there is no better evidence of the heroism and devotion of Lanier than the fact that he remained, to go down into the valley of humiliation with the people of his State, and in due time to help inaugurate a new era.

In 1867 he was married to Miss Mary Day, whose appreciation of music and deep divining of his powers, made her an ideal wife for a poet. Perhaps no lines in American poetry better express the deeper meaning of love than his sonnet, "My Springs," from which the following stanza is taken:

"O Love, O Wife, thine eyes are they,
My springs from out whose shining gray
Issue the sweet celestial dreams
That feed my life's bright Lake of Dreams."

Unable to make a living with his pen, he went into law and gave himself unstintingly to conscientious toil, trying to renounce the long-cherished ideals of the artist's life. Two visits to New York brought him in contact with real musicians, and he heard good music for the first time. Forced by ill-health to spend the winter of 1871 in San Antonio, his love of music was stimulated by association with a circle of highly cultivated friends and admirers. That Lanier returned from this trip with the fixed purpose of devoting his time to music and poetry, marks an epoch in his life, as expressed in a letter to his father, written soon after he settled in Baltimore. "My dear Father, think how, for twenty years, through poverty, through pain, through weariness, through sickness, through the uncongenial atmosphere of a farcical college, and of a bare army, and then of an exacting business life, through all the discouragement of being wholly unacquainted with literary people and literary ways—I say, think how, in spite of all these depressing circumstances, and a hundred more which I could enumerate, these two figures of music and poetry have steadily kept in my heart so that I could not banish them. Does it not seem to you, as to me, that I begin to have the right to enroll myself among the devotees of these two sublime arts, after having followed them so long and so humbly and through so much bitterness?"

The time had come, and he was a prepared man. He had all the essential characteristics of a scholar, and was

moving in the right direction. The very struggle he had to maintain his ideal- -and it will not do to minimize this struggle —had strengthened and enlarged his soul. No scholar should ever speak of him but with reverent lips, and he is forever an inspiration to men of scholarly ideas. The seven or eight fruitful years that he now wrested from disease and death are but a splendid fragment; yet, in this time he produced all those books and poems for which he is now known, became the first flute player in Hamerick's orchestra, delivered courses of lectures at Johns Hopkins University when often too feeble to stand, and wrote "The Science of English Verse," into which he pours his whole enthusiasm. This book is used as an authority in all well-equipped reference libraries. The one in Harvard College Library holds a powerful attraction for young students and is out, literally, all the time.

His poem, "Corn," produced in 1875, compelled instant recognition of his merits, caught the attention of Bayard Taylor, and from this time Lanier was a national figure. His "Mocking Bird" and "Song of the Chattahoochee" are the most characteristically Southern poetry written in America; while in "The Symphony" he strikes the national note and pleads, as Lamar did, for love between the sections. The more you read "Marshes of Glynn"—the more you read any of Lanier's poetry—the more certain you feel that he is among the truest men of letters whom our country has produced. His lyrics, like "Evening Song," "The Trees and the Master" and others have strains that remind the reader strongly of Shelley.

With a larger mind and stronger hand than Timrod or Haynes and with none of Poe's bitterness or morbid passion, he discerned with the true poet's insight that "he who has

not yet perceived how artistic beauty and moral beauty are convergent lines which run back into the common ideal origin and who, therefore, is not afire with moral beauty just as with artistic beauty—that he, in short, who has not come to that stage of quiet and eternal frenzy in which the beauty of holiness and the holiness of beauty mean one thing, burn as one fire, shine as one light within him—he is not yet the great artist." A great literary critic says, "These words of Lanier's are worthy to be written in letters of gold and posted upon the walls of every studio of art."

Sad it is, indeed, to think of the fate of this supremely striving, richly gifted man, sad that such forces should have been hampered by sickness, poverty, hard work and lack of repose, which is the proper mood of the artist.

As Stedman observes, "It was as if a discoverer should sail far enough to catch a breath of fragrance wafted from outlying isles, and then find his bark sinking before he could have sight of the promised continent."

Lanier entered upon his last fight in 1880, going with his brother to the mountains of North Carolina, where the end came sooner than it was expected. When scarcely able to walk to the carriage he was making arrangements for his lectures for the coming winter.

It was at "Camp Robin," on his death bed, with a temperature of a hundred and four, that he wrote his best poem, "Sunrise." In this poem the rising of the sun over the marshes and the flooding of the world with his light symbolized to the poet the lifting up of his frailty into the infinite life of God. Thus the poet's soul drifted out on the flood tide of his highest improvisation.

Truly in keeping with his heroic life is the last note that

floats back to us as he crossed to "the paradise side of death,"

". . . Yonder beside thee my soul shall float, friend sun,
The day being done."

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